

Topeka State Journal

An Independent Newspaper.
By FRANK P. MACLENNAN.

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Official State Paper.
Official Paper City of Topeka.TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.
Daily edition, delivered by carrier, 10 cents a week to any part of Topeka or suburbs, or at the same price in any Kansas town where the paper has a carrier system.
By mail, one year.....\$2.00
By mail, six months.....\$1.00
By mail, 100 calendar days.....\$1.00

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New York office, 650 Fifth avenue.
Paul Block manager.
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Detroit office, Kresge building. Paul Block manager.
Boston office, 20 Devonshire street. Paul Block manager.FULL LEASED WIRE REPORT
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The news is received in The State Journal building over wires for this sole purpose.MEMBER:
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HOME NEWS WHILE AWAY.

Subscribers of the State Journal away from home during the summer may have the paper mailed regularly each day to any address at the rate of ten cents a week, thirty cents a month (by mail only). Address changed as often as desired. While out of town the State Journal will be sent like a daily letter from home. Advance payment is requested on these short time subscriptions, to save bookkeeping expenses.

Probably it is a good thing for Topeka that the dove of peace hasn't a roost any longer in the city commission's chamber; that entire harmony does not prevail among the members of the commission. Complete harmony among the members of such a public board is more than likely to lead to negligence on the part of one or all of them.

In one particular, at least, the investigation of the management of the state's prison under Warden Botkin, has finally achieved the distinction that modernism seems to demand. Some of the principals concerned in it have directly passed the lie to each other. And playing true to our present mollycoddle type of humanity, there were no resulting black eyes or bloody noses.

Has everybody noticed that the robins are getting fewer and farther between in these parts. What does this mean? An early fall.

Recent reports from the City of Mexico are to the effect that the people are "still starving." And inasmuch as similar reports have been coming from the same source for a couple of months and longer, it is evident that it takes a Mexican an uncommonly long time in which to starve to death.

Berlin is hunting at a "theory" that a mine may have sunk the Arabic. Let us hope that this is so. But on this proposition Berlin will find that Uncle Sam is from Missouri. Berlin will have to show us in unmistakable fashion that it was a mine.

Russia's supply of fortresses for the Germans to take also seem inexhaustible. And this calls to mind another marked difference between America and Europe. Outside of coast defenses, there isn't a fortress, or a fortified town or place in our entire land.

Anyhow, the promulgators of feminine fashion should have selected a more suitable year in which to spring the summer furs.

Nothing is heard these days about the passing out of Iron Crosses by Kaiser Wilhelm. Maybe the supply is exhausted, or the metal that went into them is more needed for shells or other munitions of war.

While Kaiser Wilhelm was praising God for the victory that has come to his army in the eastern arena of the war, it is almost certain that God Nicholas was thanking the same God for the big achievement won by his naval forces over the Germans in the recent sea-fight in the Baltic.

General Rain toured Kansas again for a change on Sunday. The annual dry spell which is usual with Kansas is going to be a short one this year. It will be snowing before long.

About this Bulgaria-Turkish pact which Berlin insists has been consummated and which will keep Bulgaria neutral—if the allies eventually win the war, will Turkey be able to deliver the goods to Bulgaria. Probably not, and Bulgaria is wise enough to know this, or should be.

TRUTH IN ADVERTISING.

The Advertising Club movement, which is embodied in the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World, is really a sincere endeavor on the part of business men who are engaged in publishing and advertising, to translate business ideals into business methods, writes Herbert S. Houston in the World's Work. The emblem of the order is the word "Truth," superimposed on a map of the world. In a serious, thorough-going way the effort is being made to put that emblem into concrete commercial practice. There is no noisy or spectacular

commotion about it. Instead there is the earnestness born of conviction. Occasionally, a foolish publication parades its virtue, a thing which most honest people are willing to take for granted, but in the main everything about this movement has been sane and strong and reasonable. The result has been that honest and believable advertising today represents the great bulk of advertising; the kind that is dishonest is small, and what there is left of it is surely doomed.

The foolish Greeks. They are cheering the induction to office of a war premier.

CAPITAL AND LABOR.

So numerous, voluminous and diverse are the reports of the members of the United States commission on industrial relations that it would seem to require the services of a Philadelphia lawyer or two to unravel them and join their heads and tails together. Capital, of course, comes in for the severest swat from the commission. But this was a foregone conclusion. The commission, or its chairman, the voluble Mr. Walsh, showed its prejudice in this direction from the very inception of the investigation. And while capital is assuredly open to criticism for some of its dealings with labor, it is also true that labor as it is organized and managed is also far from being perfect. This is only natural as both capital and labor are human. It is an important fact, though, and established by statistics compiled by the Civic Federation, that approximately two-thirds of the gross revenue of capital goes to the laborer, out of the other one-third, capital must pay its fixed charges, including taxes, before it takes its own profit. And there is considerable capital that worries along for a shorter or longer period without being able to take any profit at all. The passing of dividends is in no sense a rare activity in the citadel of capital. The passing of wages, or labor's share, is.

Italy claims she went to war against Turkey because the Ottoman empire tried to double-cross her. And this, by the way, has been Turkey's favorite sport ever since Turkey was Turkey.

FOR BETTER CONTAINERS.

Among the agencies that are active in urging upon American manufacturers and shippers the importance of the better packing of goods the National Association of Box Manufacturers is conspicuous in having published an illustrated pamphlet containing specific instructions as to the "wrong way" and the "right way" to mail the boxes in which merchandise is shipped. The association says that reform in this respect means protection for customers, for the railroads, and for the shippers themselves. It is, of course, the result of a false economy, there has been an increase of more than 300 per cent in the loss and damage claims account of the railroads in the past ten years and that shipments are not being delivered to customers in good condition. The pamphlet states that the number of nails to be used for a given box is determined by adhering to the rule of spacing nails approximately 2 inches apart, except when nailing up boxes where sides, tops and bottoms consist of more than one piece. In such cases the shipper should make sure the narrow pieces have at least two nails in each nailing edge and more if necessary to comply with the rule of 2-inch spacing. Cement-coated nails are required for all except hardwood boxes of 1/4 inch thickness, for which special large 3-penny or regular cement-coated 4-penny nails are prescribed. For other thicknesses the instructions are: Soft wood—1/4 inch, 4-penny; 3/8 penny; 7-18 or 1/2, 6-penny; 9-16 or 5/8, 7-penny; 3/4, 8-penny; 1-1/4, 9-16 or 5/8, 4-penny; 7-16 or 1/2, 5-penny; 9-16 or 5/8, 6-penny; 7/8, 7-penny.

Villa is now being characterized as a guerrilla, which is not only an exceedingly euphonious designation but one that is also probably nothing more nor less than the plain truth.

TOO MUCH OPTIMISM, MAYBE.

"In one form or another, the war continues to dominate financial affairs here," writes Henry Clews, the New York banker, in his current weekly financial review, and he goes on: "Although we have succeeded in being strictly neutral in our actions, our foreign and domestic trade, our foreign exchange and securities markets as well as our banking arrangements have all been deranged more seriously and more fundamentally than at any time since the Civil war—if not even more than during that great crisis. If the disorganization has been extraordinary, so, too, have been the energy and ability with which it has been met and overcome. This country has exhibited industrial strength and financial capacity far beyond all expectations. The consequence is we are facing a future in which the chief danger lies in an excess of optimism. We are far more likely to suffer from too much activity, too much confidence and too much speculation than too little. Evidently we are liable to run into a period of excessive inflation, the danger of which I hope is fully recognized by those who control our banking system. We are now the only first class steadily augmenting its resources are not being wasted by war, and, while all other great trading and industrial nations are rushing madly into losses which it will require years to overcome, and some of which never will be recovered, the United States is steadily augmenting its resources and preparing itself for a new era of expansion in both domestic and foreign trade. When the war is over, it will be found that the relative economic positions of the various nations will have vastly changed. Germany will require years for recuperation. So, too, will Belgium and parts of France, Russia and Italy may feel the consequence less seriously than the coun-

tries just mentioned, while Great Britain will feel the injuries least of all the belligerents. But the United States remains the only great power in the world that will, or even can, benefit from this tragic struggle. In estimating our business future this is the central fact that should not be forgotten. On the Stock Exchange the activities have been remarkable and million share days are no longer a novelty. Since the first of the year transactions on the Stock Exchange have aggregated about \$7,000,000 shares, compared with 46,000,000 shares at the same time a year ago. The Exchange did not close until the end of July in 1914, so that in comparison less than three weeks last year are omitted. Nevertheless, the transactions are nearly double those of the same period of last year. This shows a sudden and remarkable revival of the speculative spirit which has been confined almost entirely to the war group and steel shares. General trade was quiet, but a satisfactory degree of confidence prevails in nearly every direction, backed as explained in our previous articles, upon the fine harvest and activity in the steel industry. Railroad shares are attracting more attention since it is believed that they will benefit during the last quarter of the year from the effects of the good harvest and renewed industrial activity. The future of the market will of course be largely governed by the progress of the war. At present no genuine peace indications are in sight, although efforts to bring the struggle to an end are being made in various directions."

Did you ever receive a picture postcard in your life from a friend who was traveling which did not bear this message: "Having a lovely time. Wish you were here?" Elmer Spink hasn't had a new suit of clothes since he bought his second-hand Tin Lizzie two years ago. Demosthenes Hicks, who graduated from our high school last spring and gave out the services of a character called "Unconquerable," and immediately set out to find fame, has returned home. He says there ain't no such animal. How Peter and Hank Tumma have had three fights over the war this week. Hod claimed that Serbia would whip Italy and Hank claimed that Italy would whip Serbia.

A man who goes into a field and steals a watermelon is sent to jail if he is caught, and folks call him a felon. A gink who swipes a loaf of bread, that he may feed his face, is called a thief, and people say the jail is just his place.

A magnate who wrecks companies and lays up wads of dough, and hears the poor stockholders, though everyone may know about his speculations and his graft both far and near.

They don't call him a thief. Oh, no! He's a great financier.

Doesn't Want a Rational Wife. The following matrimonial ad has been seen by me, and it is never published matrimonial ads, so here goes (spelling uncorrected):

"WANTED: By a well-to-do young bachelor, a young woman of some means, capable of assisting in the management of a household, with the intensity of love's pleasure and quiver with the cruelty of its pain. And still I can say good-bye. I can say good-bye, even asking for the view of me as I love you, or praying that the future may in some miraculous way bring us together. I only pray that my love for you may carry with it some blessing. Good-bye. "JILL." Miss Curzon finished this letter and read it carefully through. Then she laid both arms on the table, dropped her head between them and sobbed heavily. The telephone rang and the sudden noise startled her. She answered in a weak, trembling voice. The operator apologized; it was an error. The wires were crossed, and somebody else was wanted.

"Ah, yes," she moaned, "it is some one else who is wanted all the time. Love does not call me; success does not call me."

Just then she remembered that success had that day signaled her in the form of a letter from her literary agent asking whether she could supply a public notice of a publication to enable a man to back down with dignity after going too far.

Before marriage most women worry about whether they are single, and after marriage they worry because they are not.

But the man who is always complaining about his hard luck is usually too lazy to move in time to keep trouble from troubling him.

"I believe that man would do anything for money," I am rather inclined to think that you misjudge him. He has a conviction that he would do anything for nothing. "Still I think you would be perfectly safe in offering him a job."—Houston Post.

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For the next few days she worked hard, but all that she wrote was unsatisfactory. Flitting remorse and smothering regret did not aid in good work. The letters from New York came to her on the fourth day. One was Miss Curzon's fair, boyish health was not improving. In fact, this damp morning showed her colorless and frail.

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On the Spur
of the Moment
BY ROY K. MOULTON.

Most time for 'Em Now. A canvas barn, a painted tree, A slow New England drawl; A large square room with two or three Of overalls and boots on the wall; A hint of wicked city life By someone in the cast. Who plays an honest farmer's wife With something of a plot. A man from town whose shirt is clean And has at least two suits. To brighten up the rural scene Of overalls and boots on the wall. A cow, if one can be secured. A soft nosed mare, named Bess; A dog or two and you're assured. Just take these few ingredients And mix them as you may, And keep them free from common sense. You'll have a rural play.

Uncle Abner. Did you ever receive a picture postcard in your life from a friend who was traveling which did not bear this message: "Having a lovely time. Wish you were here?" Elmer Spink hasn't had a new suit of clothes since he bought his second-hand Tin Lizzie two years ago. Demosthenes Hicks, who graduated from our high school last spring and gave out the services of a character called "Unconquerable," and immediately set out to find fame, has returned home. He says there ain't no such animal. How Peter and Hank Tumma have had three fights over the war this week. Hod claimed that Serbia would whip Italy and Hank claimed that Italy would whip Serbia.

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The Evening Story
[By Ellis Tower.]

Crossed Wires. "Dear Jack: "Your note came today. It made me feel how much I miss you. Five short weeks you were here. Seven long days you've been gone. The first morning I went alone up to Angler's Rock all our old haunts cried out for you so that I hurried from them, unspeakably lonely. Every evening, when the dances on the hotel piazza begin, I steal down by the lake and live over again our hours together there. Not until to-night, though, could I fully realize that you have gone out of my life forever. Dearest one in all the world, who you know that I love you why should I not speak of my love? Why should I let conventional hold me back when I am starving with heart hunger?"

"It isn't that the world thinks, but what you think that I care about, and you will not misunderstand me. There isn't a ounce of the cad in you. But there are tons of true nobility. Besides, I know that you love me, a little, at least. I can never be wholly unhappy, for I shall always have the memory of that wonderful night when your dear eyes looked into mine and your strong hands held mine tightly, as you told me how I had helped you get back to sane pleasures."

"I do not forget how impossible it is for anything to come of my love. I remember perfectly that I must support my mother and sick sister and have no money. I remember that I must member that your father has only partially forgiven your college scrapes and I know how he would regard any love affair now with a woman five years your senior. I remember every cruel circumstance, and yet I dare to tell you that I love you. I defy conventionality, for you have waked up my dormant heart. You've made a cad, hard, practical woman thrill with the intensity of love's pleasure and quiver with the cruelty of its pain. And still I can say good-bye. I can say good-bye, even asking for the view of me as I love you, or praying that the future may in some miraculous way bring us together. I only pray that my love for you may carry with it some blessing. Good-bye. "JILL." Miss Curzon finished this letter and read it carefully through. Then she laid both arms on the table, dropped her head between them and sobbed heavily. The telephone rang and the sudden noise startled her. She answered in a weak, trembling voice. The operator apologized; it was an error. The wires were crossed, and somebody else was wanted.

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